UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

An Open Letter to Rabbi Wise

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By

By JOHN C. WRIGHT

How Americans Discovered the Bulgarian People

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

Trumpets on New Horizons

By DOUGLAS FIELDING

F. A. DEWSON

BENJAMIN MUSSER

ELENORE BLAKE

VOLUME CIII NUMBER 13

Chicago, May 27, 1929

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GAFFNEY, St. Paul.
JEREMIAH LA. JOHN, Janesville. C. W. WELSH, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthéeff
ENGLAND—Harrison Brown, Fred Hankinson, Walter Walsh
CANADA—Norman Stewart Dowd
FRANCE—G. Demartial, Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Dorothy Walton
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
PALESTINE—Hans Kohn
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

SPECIAL!

NOW APPEARING WEEKLY

Letters from the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, written on his way home from Palestine, including chapters on special phases of a survey of that country — its schools, colonies, shrines, ancient and modern, etc. Letters to follow from Athens, Egypt and Italy, at which places Mr. Holmes touched on his return journey.

A few complete sets of the back numbers may still be obtained.

Send in your subscription **now.**

$3.00 Per Year

Unity Publishing Company
700 Oakwood Boulevard Chicago

Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 195
An Open Letter to Rabbi Wise—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 197
Jottings—J. H. H. 198
Items from a Traveler's Note-Book—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 199

ARTICLES—
No More War!—*Peter Ainslie* 195
Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By—JOHN C. WRIGHT 201
Gandhi on Tolstoy—*Young India* 202
How Americans Discovered the Bulgarian People—P. M. MATTHEEFF 203
Unity Endowment Fund—HELEN SWIFT NEILSON 207

THE STUDY TABLE—
Lewis's Best Novel—HARRIET T. COMSTOCK 204
"What Is the Mind?"—R. B. ROBERTSON 205

TRUMPETS ON NEW HORIZONA—
Mooney and Billings—DOUGLAS FIELDING 206
Psalm—I Will—F. A. DEWSON 206
Nor'easter—BENJAMIN MUSSER 206
Seen from a Bus Window—ELENORE BLAKE 206

CORRESPONDENCE—
Young Men and the Church—CHARLES CHAMBERS CONNER 206

THE FIELD—
A Resolution (Memorial Day) 207
Annie Besant in England and America 207
Two Letters— I John P. Fletcher
II Takeo Iwahashi 207
Darrow at Whitman Dinner 208

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MAY 27, 1929 NUMBER 13

NO MORE WAR!

For my part I will not go to war. It is not that I do not love my country; I do. It is not that I count my life too dear to sacrifice it for the safety and liberty of others; I do not. But war is not a method for adjusting international disputes any more than a fist fight is a method of adjusting a dispute among individuals, or lynching a method for adjusting public scandal. War is a fool's errand and ought never to be undertaken.

—*Peter Ainslie,* Pennsbury Leaflet No. 34.

We never know what to think of Memorial Day! We see and reverence in it the beauty of remembrance. Brave young men who went to war through no fault and with no desire of their own, and in war had their gallant lives snatched from them, should not be forgotten. We find also in this holiday the precious act of dedication—"that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." But there is the other side! Here in this celebration, however devoutly observed, is a reconsecration of war—the reaffirmation to unthinking minds that war is a noble and heroic thing. Ordinarily, however, Memorial Day is not devoutly observed. On the contrary, it is one more occasion for military parades, military music, the waving of flags, and the stirring afresh of the ignoble impulses of selfish patriotism. This world of ours is never going to be at peace until soldiers and uniforms and arms are altogether done away with. And here in this recurring holiday they are perpetuated amid conditions of honor. What to do is hard to say! But our Cincinnati friends, who each year use this day to celebrate the heroes of peace as well as the heroes of war, show that something at least is possible. Why cannot this day of remembrance be made a day of universal remembrance? We would not forget the soldiers, but we would remember with them other men who, conspicuous or inconspicuous, have laid down their lives for humankind. The one great trouble with Memorial Day is that it magnifies the soldier beyond all justice to the great host of heroes who have suffered and died in other ways than fighting for other causes than war. Our task is to correct this distortion, and thus, on one blessed calendar day, do reverence to *all* the honored dead, that they "shall not have died in vain."

Memorial Day (May 30th) in this country is Election Day in England. When we pick up our newspapers the next morning we shall be far more interested in those London despatches telling us who has been elected in Britain, and what party is to take office, than in all the innumerable stories about parades and orations here in America. For the English election is momentous beyond any other one event in this hour of history. Upon its results depend peace in India, progress in Palestine, enlightenment, common-sense and common decency toward Russia, good relations with America, the whole fate of disarmament, and the liberation of the English people themselves from the depression and confusion in which, as in the London fog, they have been lost during the last five years. Forecasts at this distance are of course ridiculous. Only one thing seems certain—the reduction of the present Tory majority in the House of Commons to something close at least to the vanishing point. Along with this goes a reasonable certainty that the ranks of Labor will be largely increased, and that the Liberal Party has prospects of a revival. Upon the question as to whether Labor or Liberalism will make the greater gains at the expense of the Conservatives, hangs the whole political future of the Empire. We have heard pessimistic prophecies that this three-sided election was destined to mark the break-down of English democracy —that results were likely to be so confused and indecisive that party government could not carry on—that the nation would have to resort to some kind of a coalition, as in the War, or even might establish a dictatorship, as in Italy and Spain. Such remarks are important as emphasizing the seriousness of the present situation, which really cannot be exaggerated. But for ourselves, whatever the outcome, we have confidence that the English will "muddle through."

It looks as though the new tariff would keep Congress in Washington all summer. We hope so. And we hope that the summer will be the hottest one on record! There is nothing that we would quite so much enjoy as seeing our tariff tinkerers frying on the griddle of a Washington summer as a kind of preparation for the hell that these tariff tinkerers ought to be consigned to in the next world. For the tariff is a per-

fect abomination, and those who make it ought to be visited with some kind of eternal punishment. Of course, at bottom, a protective tariff is nothing but the robbery of the many for the benefit of the few. Millions of our helpless consumers are simply held up in the markets where they have to buy the necessities of life, by the highwaymen who control production and manufacture. We are ready to concede, for the sake of argument at least, that there may have been a time, as in the days of Henry Clay, when some moderate protection was helpful in enabling a new country to develop its industrial resources, and to protect labor in its initial struggles from competition with the pauper labor of Europe and the East. But that time, if it ever existed, has long since passed by. There is something positively ludicrous in the idea that American producers today need protection from anybody anywhere. And there is positive cruelty in the spectacle of American labor, prosperous and happy beyond all historical precedents, fearing competition with the struggling laborers of the European continent. Neither American capital nor American labor need fear competition today. What American capital and labor should both do is to use their unparalleled economic power to bring help and succor to the world; and surely the first step in this beneficent enterprise is the removal of our tariff barriers. We feel it a tragedy that the opening of the Hoover administration, which promises so much, should be accompanied by this upward revision of the tariff; and we hope for nothing quite so much as that the whole endeavor may bring such trouble to the Administration that it may abandon the whole enterprise as too desperate and dangerous a piece of business to be handled.

Nothing seems to be important any more since Alice Roosevelt Longworth cast down the gage of battle to Mrs. Gann. Farmer's relief, revision of the tariff, prohibition, the English election, the Mexican revolution, the new China, the old India—all these seem to be utterly trivial as compared with the momentous, the epoch-making, the world-shaking question as to whether the sister of the Vice-President shall sit at Washington dinners on the right hand of the host or somewhere else at the festive board. We can see both sides of this question with disconcerting clearness. If Mrs. Gann were the Vice-President's wife, she would certainly occupy this first position after the President's wife; and since she is taking the place of the Vice-President's deceased wife, why should she not get all the honors and emoluments of this social office as well as carry all the worries and cares. But Mrs. Gann is *not* the Vice-President's wife—she is only his sister, and incidentally the wife of a humble and inconspicuous Washington attorney—so why should she be given honors and emoluments which do not properly belong to her? This question is just about as terrific and insoluble as that of two trains running in opposite directions on the same track at the same time. Such a performance on a railroad inevitably leads to a smash-up —and so apparently it does in the social world! At least if Mrs. Longworth has anything to say about it! When mere men were handling this dilemma, the law of courtesy instantly prevailed. Mrs. Gann is a woman, and the chivalry of gentlemen everywhere conceded to her what her distingunshed brother was insisting upon in her name. But Mrs. Longworth is not a man, nor even a gentleman. She is just a brilliant, independent, wilful woman. And she sees no law of courtesy which should control in her case, especially when this law decrees that Mrs. Gann shall sit higher up at the dinner-table than the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. This is a grand and wonderful fuss, and we are enjoying it more than anything that has come along in many a dreary day. On with the war, say we! The fiercer it is, the more numerous the dead and wounded, the better we shall like it. This is the kind of war that we believe in. Who knows but what the administration of the great and immortal Herbert Hoover may go down in history as the administration of the Gann War?

What a glorious time our Fundamentalist friends have been having at their University at Des Moines, Iowa. This institution has been supposed to be the model of all Fundamentalist work in the field of education. Here were students gathered to drink in the pure milk of the Word, that they might be strengthened against all the enticements of the world, the flesh and the devil. And now look at the mess that is coming of it! The Chairman of the Board of Trustees has been accused of alleged indiscretions with the Secretary of the Board, and a hotel named and protographed as evidence against him. The Trustees, under the leadership of their Chairman, made a clean sweep of the faculty and thus stripped the whole institution of its teachers. The student body then rose up in rebellion, marched upon the administration building armed with eggs and stones, invaded and wrecked the place, and, according to reports, might well have murdered the Chairman of the Board and the Secretary had they not hidden together in the washroom under the stairs. This is surely a marvellous tale, and we find it difficult to reconcile it with all that the Fundamentalists have told us about their monopoly of the true and only religion of Jesus Christ. The temptation to wax sarcastic is obvious, and just because it is obvious we pro-

pose to resist it. We have no desire even to blame our Fundamentalist friends unduly, for they are no more to be judged by this ridiculous tragedy than a bank is to be judged by an absconding cashier, or the American business world by Harry Sinclair, or the American nation by a bootlegger or a Chicago racketeer. But we cannot refrain from recording this episode, to the end of suggesting to the Fundamentalists that they take lessons from it in humility. Fundamentalist Christians have no monopoly either of truth or virtue—they are as fallible and frail as all the rest of humankind. In this unhappy Des Moines episode they will undoubtedly and very properly ask for the charitable judgment of their fellow men. What they ask for themselves in this case, let them hereafter be always quick to offer unto others.

When Upton Sinclair published "Boston," UNITY instantly recognized and acclaimed this novel as a great work. This judgment has now been confirmed by Richard Burton, Chairman of the jury for the Pulitzer Prize award for the best American novel of the year, who announces that "Boston" has won the prize. *But* —and this is a big "but"!—the prize was not granted to Sinclair's masterpiece, "because of its Socialist tendencies." Here is a ray of light, a whole great blaze of light, on literary judgments in this country, on the workings of the jury system in Pulitzer awards, and on the character and worth of previous winners of the coveted prize. We are now to understand that novels with "Socialist tendencies" have all along been ruled out by the Pulitzer committee, and will so continue to be ruled out in the future. Prejudice and fear and hate, in other words, are to rule in a place where only knowledge, taste, and scrupulous fairness should ever be allowed to hold sway. What we have in this case, of course, is one more echo of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. "Boston" is passed by, in spite of its recognized and confessed claim to literary preeminence, because it told the truth in unforgettable language about the judicial murder of the Massachusetts martyrs. It is abominable—such an act as this! But there is one man who need not worry—and that is the author, Upton Sinclair. Posterity does not judge things this way. "War and Peace" is still remembered, in spite of its pacifist tendencies—"Les Miserables," in spite of its Christian tendencies—"Vanity Fair," in spite of its unsocial tendencies. Even Plato's "Republic" retains its standing, in spite of a plea for Socialism which rivals anything heard in our time. We congratulate Sinclair. Who can remember the Pulitzer Prize novels? Who can ever forget "Boston"?

An Open Letter to Rabbi Wise

Dear Wise:

At last—we've been found out! Our twenty and more years of shoddy sham have been exposed, and we are seen for precisely what we are. Of course, I have always known that you were a "bunk-shooter," just as E. Haldeman-Julius says you are in his new book, "The Outline of Bunk." Of course, you have always known that I was a "bunk-shooter," just as E. Haldeman-Julius says I am in the same admired volume. We have always known that we were "fakes," and have chortled and chuckled over it how many times! You fool the Jews, and I fool the Christians; together we make a clean job of it. So, whatever the surprise to the gullible public, this is no surprise to us. We knew the truth long before Haldeman-Julius did.

But we did not know who were our associates in this "bunk" business. Or did we know—or, rather, did *you* know? Haldeman-Julius knows, and he blurts it right out in this book of his. But I can hardly believe my eyes! The fact is, I'm so surprised I'm still panting. Listen, Wise! These are the men that E. Haldeman-Julius says are the champion "bunk-shooters" in this country, including you and me. It's gorgeous company—presidents, 'n senators, 'n poets, 'n preachers. Look:

Calvin Coolidge, Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred E. Smith, Herbert Hoover, Senator Heflin, Congressman Blanton, Nicholas Murray Butler, Senator Reed, William Jennings Bryan, John Roach Straton, Rev. W. B. Riley, Rev. T. T. Martin, Billy Sunday, Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Ralph Parlette, Rudyard Kipling, Rabbi Wise, Mary Baker Eddy, "one Fillmore," Aimee McPherson, Will Hays, Anthony Comstock, Mr. Sumner, J. Frank Chase, "one Bowlby," F. Scott McBride, Lucy Page Gaston, J. Frank Norris, Dr. Frank Crane, Arthur Brisbane, Eddie Guest, Alfred Lord Tennyson, S. Parkes Cadman, Ralph Waldo Trine, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Dr. Millikan, Bruce Barton.

I never knew I was in this crowd. Honest and true, black and blue! If I had known, I think I would have given up this "bunk-shooting" business years ago. I have enjoyed it enormously, as it is great fun fooling the people. But, ye Gods, think of being lined up with a gang like this! Really, it isn't fair. I may be a "bunk-shooter," but I never collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in his "Barrack-Room Ballads." I never saw Mary Baker Eddy in my life, and never wrote a word of her "Science and Health." I didn't play the trombone for Billy Sunday—it was a man named Rodeheaver. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, 'tis pity, 'tis, 'tis true" that I have sometimes quoted from Tennyson; that I have "listened in" to Dr. Cadman; that I once lunched with Frank Crane, and once spoke from the same banqueting table with Eddie Guest. I confess it, Wise, I *have* to confess it! But John Roach Straton was never an associate of mine at the Community Church, and I

don't even know who W. B. Riley and T. T. Martin are.

Is your record as clean? I have always known, as I have said, that you were a "bunk-shooter," but I never suspected any such terrible associations as these revealed by E. Haldeman-Julius. *O tempora! O mores!* "O God; O Montreal!" Is it possible that you have been deceiving me? I remember now that you were a friend of Woodrow Wilson. You voted and stumped for "Al." Smith. I have heard you speak kindly, even admiringly of Harry Emerson Fosdick. I begin to suspect dire things. You are the *alter ego* of Ralph Parlette (whoever he is!). You, *you* were the mysterious White House "spokesman" in the Coolidge administration. And you, yes YOU, must have been the veiled stranger who spirited away Aimee McPherson into the desert. I see it all now. Haldeman-Julius has revealed a thousand mysteries. Alas, what disclosures to be given to the world in your old age!

And look what other disclosures lurk in this golden list of "bunk-shooters"! Here are Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt side by side. So their feud was only a sham; they were working together all the time. Here are John Roach Straton and Harry Emerson Fosdick, cheek by jowl. Now the secret is out—both of them Baptists, both of them clergymen, both of them males, so of course they are in a conspirary together to mislead and betray the public. Herbert Hoover and Senator Heflin—they don't seem to be much alike at first glance. But Haldeman-Julius sees —*he* sees! Yes, he has discovered what nobody else has ever discovered—that Hoover and Heflin both live in the city of Washington, both are officers of the United States Government, and both draw their salaries from the same fund. It takes a discerning eye to see these things, and a keen mind to draw the logical conclusions. There is at least one man in this country who can't be fooled, and that man is Haldeman-Julius.

Yes, dear Wise, our day is done. We can't deceive the people, or one another, or each one of us himself, any longer. Haldeman-Julius has ended "bunk" as completely and finally as Saint George ended the dragon. We might as well give up first as last. We must begin in these our declining years to earn at last an honest living. So I counsel you, dear friend and comrade, to go down to the Stock Exchange, or to become an advertising agent, or to take up publicity, and thus to do something where you can really tell the truth. And I, *I?* —Oh, friend of my bosom, what shall I do? Well, I have decided! I am going out to the State of Kansas, and I am going to publish little five-cent books of the world's classics, and I am going to give these books nice enticing "sexy" titles to make them sell, and I am going to lead the dear people into thinking that they are getting what they are not getting, and thus make enormous profits by these devious devices. That's what I am going to do, Wise, to rid my life of "bunk." And may the Lord have mercy on our souls!

Yours for truth,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

P. S. By the way, I forgot to say—I had rather be a "bunk-shooter" with you than live an honest life with anybody else. J. H. H.

Jottings

There is really no end, no limit, to what men can believe. Here is a politician who sees "a roseate future" for the Democratic Party.

Walter Lippman has written a "Preface to Morals." This is encouraging. We had thought that there was nothing left to write but an obituary.

Elmendorf is dead. But Stoddard still lives. And Burton Holmes is still active. The lecture-platform, like many a flower and plant, is perennial.

The latest style in murders is "torch" murders. At least in the East! You kill your victim, then anoint the body with gasoline from your car, and burn it up. How nice it is to know just what is the latest thing!

A certain nameless gentleman selects the following as the "ten greatest living women":

Queen Mary, Lady Astor, Margot Asquith, Comtesse de Ste. Croix, Comtesse de Noailles, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Anne Morgan, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Willa Cather, Sheila Kaye Smith. We do not wonder that the maker of this list desires to be nameless! We feel no confidence ourself that we could select the greatest ten, but we know that our list would contain none of the above, and surely the following—Jane Addams, Mme. Curie, Annie Besant, Sigrid Undset, Mme. Naidu of India, Lilli Lehmann, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Catherine Breshkovsky.

We wonder if the Ku Klux Klanners will be willing to receive letters bearing the new Vatican stamp.

J. H. H.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XVI

I Visit Some of the Colonies—(Continued)

The second of the three groups into which the colonies of Palestine divide themselves, is well illustrated by Nahalal, a colony near Nazareth which I visited during my stay in this latter town. No visit could have been less propitious. The rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew as the very climax of the storms in which I had been plunged now for over a week. I got into the settlement, located well off the main highway, because of an excellently constructed road which had been recently laid by the colonists. But once arrived, I faced conditions worse than those which I had found in Ain Harod and Beth Alpha. Situated on low land, Nahalal looked like a Mississippi valley town after the flood had gone through. Days of uninterrupted and heavy rain had simply drowned the place. To get about was literally impossible, unless dressed and trained for the job. So I contented myself with settling down in the main building of the Girls Agricultural School, located at the front door of this colony; and, after inspecting this building, talked with a delegation of the colonists who had gathered there to meet me. In rooms damp and cold from unprecedented exposure, we kept ourselves warm with delicious cups of steaming tea, and discussed from all angles the philosophy, methods, and practical achievements of a colony organized and conducted like Nahalal.

Nahalal

The land of this colony was purchased and is now owned in perpetuity by the Jewish National Fund. This is in accordance with the fixed policy of the Zionists today that the land of Palestine shall henceforth be acquired and held in the name of the Jewish people, and never under any circumstances alienated. A blow at the first pillar of the capitalistic system—private ownership in land! The soil, thus held in perpetual ownership by the Fund, was then leased, on forty-nine year terms, with right of renewal, to the individual colonists, in individual holdings, for individual development. Here is a system, that is, which is based on common ownership, but which works out in terms of individual control!

The land holdings have one remarkable characteristic: As compared with those which I saw in Petah Tikweh and Kfar Aaron, for example, they are extraordinarily small—like a New England farm rather than like a southern plantation or California orange grove. This is strictly according to plan or rule, in order to enable each individual leaseholder to work his land with his own labor. For no hired labor is allowed. A blow at the second pillar of the capitalistic system—wage labor! No man must own, or rather lease, more soil than he can cultivate with his own hands and with those of his family. For it is believed by the Zionists today that the foundation of the state must rest not only upon public ownership of the land, but also upon private, or personal, labor upon the land. Not the proprietor who hires another to work his acres, but the peasant who produces with the sweat of his own brow, must be the center of the social order.

This principle leads to curious adjustments. In Nahalal, for example, if a colonist falls ill, and his family is unable to keep up the work upon his place, the other colonists take turns in lending a hand. If the colonist continues ill for more than three months, a laborer is hired at the expense of the colony as a whole. If the colonist is ill for an indefinite period, or becomes permanently incapacitated, he must give up his holding in the settlement, and thus surrender his place to another. In cases of emergency, the labor or disaster of one is met by the cooperative activity of all the colonists. "Bear ye one another's burdens"! The cooperative principle is also recognized in Nahalal by joint buying and selling, as in Petah Tikweh and Rishon le Zion, and by a centralized system of general management in which all participate. There are also public schools for the children, and a common house for the common life of the colony. Unable to inspect the settlement by direct observation, I gained from the colonists whom I met—quite as much from their general manner as from their specific statements—a distinct impression of happiness and confidence. There did not seem to be the same atmosphere of established and substantial prosperity as in the older colonies. The spirit of adventure and experiment was still abroad. But Nahalal is succeeding. A new era is begun in Zionism.

The Kvutzah

By all odds the most interesting, and certainly the most unusual of the Palestinian colonies comprise the third group—the voluntary communes known as the Kvutzah. These are commonly called "communist" colonies, since the members are in all cases professed Communists. But these Communists themselves earnestly object to being called such, on the ground that it mixes them up with Bolshevism, with which they have no connection, and in which they have little interest. For these Chaluzim are not political Communists at all—or most of them are not! On the contrary, much nearer to Tolstoyanism than to Leninism in their general attitude toward the problem of reform, they put political opinion one side as of no concern to them, and give themselves utterly to the specific practical endeavor to organize and maintain by personal labor an ideal cooperative society. So, in order properly to differentiate the economic from the political, the practical from the theoretical, they drop the word "communist," and ask to be described rather as *communal* groups.

Then, too, as it happens, there is a special reason at this moment for regarding this matter as of something more than merely academic importance. Very active in Palestine, as in other countries today, is a small but busy group of political Communists who are actively associated with Moscow. These Communists are doing everything in their power to harass and embarrass the Zionists—during my visit, for example, they issued a proclamation calling upon all Arabs to refuse to sell land to Jews! This attack on Zionism, however, is only an indirect and convenient means of striking at the British Empire. What the Communists are after is not Zion but Britain. The English authorities know this and with drastic rigor they are seizing

every Communist they can lay their hands on, and deporting them *instanter*. Now the Kutzvah has no desire, and certainly no purpose, to get mixed up with these Bolshevist agitators. On the one hand they seek the goodwill of the English authorities for Zion; on the other hand they have real reason for suspecting that a government none too intelligent upon this question may eventually attack them as centers of subversive influence. Wholly interested in a momentous undertaking which drains their utmost strength, they insist upon being distinguished from those who are idle and malicious agitators against all they hold most dear in the rebuilding of the homeland.

I was so happy as to visit four of these communal colonies—Kirjeah Anavim, or "Dilb," a suburb of Jerusalem, Ain Harod and Beth Alpha, located in the great plain of Esdraelon, and the Girls' Settlement on the outskirts of Petah Tikweh. Of these, Ain Harod is the largest, boasting a population of 120 families. Beth Alpha has about 75 families, and "Dilb" 35 families. The Girls' Settlement is one of twenty settlements organized exclusively for women. This colony is composed of 18 girls who live by themselves, and do all their own work on the farm, in the stock-yard, and in the poultry run. These girls' settlements, I may say, serve largely as training schools for girls who later go to other established colonies as wives or regular workers; but in this settlement which I visited, I found several members who had been in the colony from the beginning.

Each of these four colonies had distinctive characteristics, but in all essential things they were the same. That is to say, they were frankly communistic in organization and life. Like the early Christians, the members "hold all things in common." Thus the land, whether purchased outright or leased from the Jewish National Fund, is undivided, and is worked as a single unit by all together. The houses, the barns, the stock, the equipment, the supplies, the produce, the clothes, the food, all belong to all. There is a common treasury, out of which all expenses are paid, and into which all income is poured. No man owns anything —not even the actual clothes upon his back. Coats, hats, trousers, dresses are bought in bulk, and distributed like army uniforms. Soiled linen is gathered each week into a common pile, and, when laundered, is redistributed without any attempt at personal identification. Books are purchased from the common fund and held in the common library. In "Dilb" there is a "cultural fund," to which are assigned 50 piasters per month per member, which is used for books, lectures, music and entertainment in Jerusalem. In Beth Alpha I saw a member passing about cigarettes after dinner, and learned, upon inquiry, that cigarettes are provided from the common stores on a ratio of half-a-box per person per day. Those who smoke little, or not at all, gladly pass over their rations to those who smoke a good deal. The night watchman, on his lonely rounds, is allowed to smoke as many cigarettes as he pleases.

The center of these colonies is a common house, in which the members eat their meals together at great long tables, and assemble at evening for transaction of business, discussion of problems, and general social entertainment. This house, of course, has the common kitchen, supply rooms, etc. The members sleep in small houses scattered about the premises. These houses contain three or four rooms, each one of which is assigned to a married couple, or to a couple of roommates. These rooms are utterly simple, containing no adornments, and only the barest necessities in the way of furniture. The best building, invariably, is the children's building; and no activity of the colonies is more carefully thought out or more zealously pursued than that of the care and upbringing of these children. And here the colonies differ from one another in their programs of procedure.

All, be it said, recognize the marriage relation, and the precious tie of parentage. In "Dilb," more conservative than the other communal colonies which I visited, the children sleep at home with their parents. Thus, after the working hours are done, the traditional family is established. Each family has only a single room, and there in each case we saw the little cribs for the children side by side with the parents' bed. During the day, in this colony, the children are placed under the care of women members of the community who are assigned to and duly trained for this specific work. During their first year, the children are kept in the "nursery"; from their first to their second year, in the "play-house"; and after their second year, in the "kindergarten." These children have their own vegetable gardens and flower plots apart from those belonging to the general community, and these they cultivate together on an out-and-out cooperative basis.

In Ain Harod, we took refuge from the storm in the "children's house," and thus saw this better than any other institution in the community. Here, in this "house," the children are placed just as soon as they are born, and are cared for by women trained to this particular job. Some of these women are themselves the mothers; other mothers, however, prefer the fields to the nursery, and their places are taken by young women members of the colony who find their chiefest joy in caring for children. The children are held together from the beginning as a group, and are of course tended and reared as a group. Parents are free to come and see their children whenever they please, but they may not take them to their own rooms, or keep them by themselves. Day and night, the children must live together in their own house—at least, in the early, formative, and therefore critical years. Later on, after their sixth or seventh year, if the parents so desire, the children may be taken home. I was greatly impressed, I may add, by the "children's house"—and by the children, who were a hale, healthy, happy lot.

Beth Alpha goes to the logical extreme in this matter of the communal upbringing of children, by separating them permanently from their parents into a group or community of their own. The children's building was the one outstanding structure in the settlement. Here the children are placed when they are born, and here they live with their contemporaries until they are man or woman grown. Professionally trained nurses and teachers are the guides and companions of these children. Their life is entirely apart from that of the rest of the colony. The children have their own eating-room and living-room. They have their own work, and manage their own affairs. They have a most interesting library of books for their entertainment and study. When grown to early youth, the children take their place in the adult community,

or go off to some other colony, or—as has once happened!—band together and establish a "kutzvah" of their own.

The general organization of these communal colonies is much the same. The source of authority is the community as a whole, which meets together at stated intervals for discussion and determination of community affairs. Executive direction is placed in the hands of an executive committee of seven or nine members. In "Dilb" there is also an inner committee of three. This executive committee, or in some cases a special "work committee," exercises the important function of planning the work of the colony, and assigning each member to his appointed task. In no colony did I find any man (or woman) who was recognized as the official head; but in every colony I seemed to find the man who by experience, intelligence, or force of character was the *de facto* leader of the group. The spirit, however, was the common spirit, and the life the common life. For better or worse, it was "each for all, and all for each."

Such are the three classes, or types, of colonies, which I found on the land in Palestine. Observation of these types—their worth, their promise, their success—I leave to my next succeeding article in this series.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By

I.

More than once in days of old the haughty Pretorian guard of the Roman conquerors had the dusty, milling crowds on highway and in market place explained by the simple announcement that "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sometimes in spite of his reassuring promises of the ever-biding presence of the Holy Spirit after his ascension, we feel that he is now so very far away. Being denied this physical presence it seems at times increasingly difficult for this age to fully accept his doctrines, and to admit the efficacy of his teachings. Every now and then however, there passes by one so thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of the Christ of the Scriptures, that our wavering faith is strengthened, and our belief in the reality of the Christian way of life is confirmed.

Such an one was the rare spirit who has sojourned among us for a brief season recently. From far across the seas and continents he comes, bringing to an alien race a message of peace that found immediate response in over two thousand world-weary hearts. They are still trying to explain the spell he cast upon them—a spell that kept them following him and hanging upon his words during all the precious days of his visit. And what words they were—freighted with wisdom, and carrying in their simple eloquence such an epic of human courage and devotion to an ideal as is seldom found in this sordid, matter-of-fact age. C. F. Andrews is neither crank nor mystic. He is a glorious revelation of what the Spirit of the Christ can make of a man who completely surrenders himself to His teaching, and who with high courage translates into his daily life the truth which most of us are satisfied to practice only with our lips. His presence was like a refreshing shower making glad and fragrant the arid wastes of life. His countenance reflected peace which he had found in spite of poverty and suffering —a peace that comes only to those who have learned that there is joy eternal in spending and being spent for one's fellow men.

It seemed that out from India where Tagore and Gandhi are teaching Christians the abiding reality of their religion, "Charlie" Andrews had come to reassure a hard, cold, doubting generation that Jesus of Nazareth still passeth by.

II.

Across an expanse of white linen and glittering china we looked at three men. One of them had the visage of a saint—small head, high-arched brow, deep-set blue eyes, a complexion tanned by merciless tropical suns, and an iron gray beard, well trimmed and combed and falling down upon his chest for all the world like Trader Horn's. He was not handsome, but there was something in the expression of his face that held the gaze and compelled the attention. There was a sweetness, compassion and perfect calm of spirit revealed in that countenance that was more than human, if one dare not say divine. And when he spoke his voice and his message confirmed the impression his face had made. It was a call to world-wide brotherhood from one who had renounced race and creed and country to espouse the cause of the oppressed. "Let India and Black America clasp hands across the sea," he said, "and enfold in living embrace our brothers in Africa struggling upward to the light."

Then another. As far different in appearance was he from the first as day is from night, yet in heart the same. A Hindu of noblest caste he must have been. Handsome to the point of beauty, his was a presence that would command both painter and poet. His seal brown skin was without a blemish. His hair as black as a raven's coat, crowned a head and features that were perfect in mold and poise. His eyes, large, deep-set and of Stygian blackness, held within their fiery depths the mysteries of an ancient race. When he arose his phrase and diction bespoke an intelligence and culture rarely found in one apparently so young. In far away India he had been a pupil of the first speaker in a school called Santiniketan (the home of Peace.) And his too, was an appeal for love and universal brotherhood.

And now the third. There was a ripple of anxiety as he arose for he was our own representative in this spontaneous council of races. Short, well-knit, with flashing eye and the heavy features of the genuine Ethiopian, he portrayed in his mein the travail and hope of Africa. His color was the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun to whom he was a neighbor and near bred." And verily through him that night, in the presence of proud Saxon and stately Hindu, Ethiopia stretched forth her hand unto God, and clasping the proffered hands of two of earth's most ancient peoples, he pledged Africa and her sons to the redemption of the world through love.

We passed out of the dining room hushed and humble, for three of the five races of men had supped and communed together. If Tuskegee has done nothing more than furnish a meeting ground where men

can reach across the lines of race and creed and caste, and catch a glimpse of the blessed open spaces where love abounds, it has more than justified the labors of its founder and the faith of its supporters.

JOHN C. WRIGHT.

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Gandhi on Tolstoy

Next to the late Rajachandra Tolstoy is one of the three moderns who have exerted the deepest spiritual influence on my life, the third being Ruskin. It was forty years back when I was passing through a severe crisis of scepticism and doubt that I came across his book "The Kingdom of God Is Within You," and was very deeply impressed by it. I was at that time a believer in violence. Its reading cured me of my scepticism and made me a firm believer in *ahimsa.** What has appealed to me most in Tolstoy's life is that he practiced what he preached and reckoned no cost too great in his pursuit of truth. Take the simplicity of his life, it was wonderful. Born and brought up in the midst of the luxury and comfort of a rich aristocratic family, blessed in an abundant measure with all the stores of the earth that desire can covet, this man who had fully known all the joys and pleasures of life turned his back upon them in the prime of his youth and afterwards never once looked back.

He was the most truthful man of this age. His life was a constant endeavor, an unbroken tide of striving to seek the truth, and to practice it as he found it. He never tried to hide truth or tone it down but set it before the world in its entirety without equivocation or compromise, undeterred by the fear of any earthly power.

He was the greatest apostle of non-violence that the present age has produced. No one in the West, before him or since, has written and spoken on non-violence so fully or insistently and with such penetration and insight as he. I would even go further and say that his remarkable development of this doctrine puts to shame the present-day narrow and lopsided interpretation put upon it by the votaries of *ahimsa* in this land of ours. In spite of India's proud claim of being the *karmabhumi,* the Land of Realization, and in spite of some of the greatest discoveries in the field of *ahimsa,* that our ancient sages have made, what often goes by the name of *ahimsa* among us today is a travesty of it. True *ahimsa* should mean a complete freedom from ill-will and anger and hate an an overflowing love for all. For inculcating this true and higher type of *ahimsa* amongst us, Tolstoy's life with its ocean-like love should serve as a beacon light and a never-failing source of inspiration. Tolstoy's critics have sometimes said that his life was a colossal failure, that he never found his ideal, the mystical green stick, in whose quest his entire life was passed. I do not hold with these critics. True, he himself said so. But that only shows his greatness. It may be that he failed fully to realize his ideal in life, but that is only human. No one can attain perfection while he is in the body for the simple reason that the ideal state is impossible so long as one has not completely overcome his ego, and ego cannot be wholly got rid of so long as one is tied down by shackles of the flesh. It was a favorite saying of Tolstoy that the moment one believes that he has reached his ideal his further progress stops and his retrogression begins and that the very virtue of an ideal consists in that it recedes from us the nearer we go. To say therefore that Tolstoy on his own admission failed to reach his ideal does not detract a jot from his greatness, it only shows his humility.

Much has been sought to be made of the so-called inconsistencies of Tolstoy's life; but they were more apparent than real. Constant development is the law of life, and a man who always tries to maintain his dogmas in order to *appear* consistent drives himself into a false position. That is why Emerson said that foolish consistency was the hobgoblin of little minds. Tolstoy's so-called inconsistencies were a sign of his development and his passionate regard for truth. He often *seemed* inconsistent because he was continuously outgrowing his own doctrines. His failures were public, his struggles and triumphs private. The world saw only the former, the latter remained unseen, probably by Tolstoy himself most of all. His critics tried to make capital out of his faults, but no critic could be more exacting than he was with regard to himself. Ever on the alert for his shortcomings, before his critics had time to point at them he had already proclaimed them to the world magnified a thousandfold and imposed upon himself the penance that seemed to him necessary. He welcomed criticism even when it was exaggerated and like all truly great men dreaded the world's praise. He was great even in his failures and his failures give us a measure not of the futility of his ideals but of his success.

The third great point was the doctrine of "bread-labor,"* *viz.,* that every one was bound to labor with his body for bread; and that most of the grinding misery in the world was due to the fact that men failed to discharge their duty in this respect. He therefore regarded all schemes to ameliorate the poverty of the masses by the philanthropy of the rich while they themselves shirked body labor and continued to live in luxury and ease, as hypocrisy and a sham, and suggested that if only man got off the backs of the poor, much of the so-called philanthropy would be rendered unnecessary.

And with him to believe was to act. So in the afternoon of his life, this man who had passed all his days in the soft lap of luxury took to a life of toil and hard labor. He took to boot-making and farming at which he worked hard for full eight hours a day. But his body labor did not blunt his powerful intellect, on the contrary, it rendered it all the more keen and resplendent and it was in this period of his life that his most vigorous book "What Is Art?" which he considered to be his master-piece was written in the intervals saved from the practice of his self-chosen vocation.

The choice before our youth today lies between the way of self-restraint and the way of indulgence

*Non-violence.

*Tolstoy adopted the phrase from the Russian peasant Bondrieff and insisted that it should be interpreted literally.

and ease, the one leading to salvation and freedom, the other to utter destruction. They are at the parting of the ways. Literature, full of the virus of self-indulgence served out in attractive forms, is flooding this country from the West and there is the greatest need for our youth to be on their guard. The present is for them an age of transition of ideals and of ordeals and the one thing needful for the world, its youth and particularly the youth of India in this crisis is Tolstoy's progressive self-restraint, for it alone can lead to true freedom for themselves, the country and the world. It is we ourselves, with our inertia, apathy and social abuse, that more than England or anybody else block our way to freedom. And if we cleanse ourselves of our shortcomings and faults, no power on earth can even for a moment withhold Swaraj from us. The test for the youth lies before them and that is to win their diploma from the university of life, with its snares and pitfalls and ordeals, without which their academic degrees will be in vain. The three essential qualities of Tolstoy's life mentioned by me are of the utmost use to the youth in this hour of the world's trial.

—*Young India.*

How Americans Discovered the Bulgarian People

[From our Bulgarian Correspondent]

Americans played a great role in the renaissance of the Bulgarian people—through their missionaries and their schools. Their missionaries came to their aid when their educational work had just started; by their influence they strengthened it, and provoked competition amongst its educators.

How did these pioneers of civilization, so far distant from them, come to think of them?

There were American missionaries to the Greeks, the Armenians, Chaldeans, to the Jews, to the Turks and others. No one in America could, however, have thought of the Bulgarian people. It was the early Bulgarian publicist, K. Fotinoff, who first drew the attention of the American missionary, Dr. Elias Riggs, to the conditions under which the Bulgarians lived and labored. Fotinoff published in 1842 his periodical, *"Lubosloiré"* in Smyrna (Asia Minor), the first of its kind in Bulgarian, under the protection of this great missionary. The knowledge of the Bulgarians thus acquired by Dr. Riggs must have been very limited, as it was only in 1857 that he decided to further inform himself concerning them.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was responsible for the establishment of "Robert College" in Constantinople, and was its first president—a missionary in Turkey to the Armenians for many years—in his book "Among the Turks" (page 261) writes:

> Previous to the Crimean War the Bulgarians had begun to attract the attention of the Missionaries in Constantinople. Dr. Riggs who has only to look at a language to take possession of it, had edited for them a translation of the New Testament, and it had sold with wonderful rapidity. This was the more singular, as the universal impression had been that the Bulgarians were in the lowest state of ignorance, except such as had become Hellenized, and had adopted the Greek language. Every spring there was an advent of Bulgarian shepherds and others in the streets of Constantinople —strong men in sheepskin clothing, with their shrieking bagpipes and rude country dances, dashing their sheepskin caps upon the pavement to every passerby for *bakshish.*
>
> They seemed but little above savage life. A much higher class were the Bulgarian gardeners. As our knowledge of this people increased, our interest in them became stronger.
>
> When I visited the United States in 1856, I was commissioned by the Constantinople station to press upon the Board the necessity of a Mission to the Bulgarians. The means of the Board, however, were not such as to allow them to act.
>
> It was agreed that I should present their claims to the Methodist Episcopal Board. I had an excellent opportunity to do so at the great conference in Palmyra, N. Y., in the summer of 1856. This led to the formation of the Mission to the Bulgarians on the Danube, and to my becoming a Life Director of their Board.

During 1857 Dr. Hamlin and a friend traveled in Thrace on an exploring expedition in order to ascertain personally the true facts and conditions of the Bulgarian people in their homes. On his return to Constantinople Dr. Hamlin writes:

> We found to our surprise, a large Bulgarian population in the region of Adrianople, where we stopped for the Sabbath. A small American community was here formed, and through them we ascertained many interesting facts with regard to the Bulgarians. They were rapidly increasing South of the Bulkans, and were manifesting a great desire for education. A Bulgarian teacher had been to our store and bought large numbers of tracts and testaments as reading books in his school. He had put out the Greek language, and welcomed any book he could find in the Bulgarian. I first learned from him of the depth of the national feeling, everywhere springing up, with regard to the restoration of the national language.

Dr. Hamlin was surprised with what he had seen of the so far unknown Bulgarians.

On his returning from Philipopolis and whilst on the road to Adrianople he stopped in a village called Ortakevy. It was a Sunday. The people of the village had turned out to receive and welcome pilgrims returning from a pilgrimage to a distant monastery.

Concerning this event Dr. Hamlin writes:

> We went out to see them come; the population arranged on two sides of a very broad street, awaited them. There was no noise, no rude conduct. The children were well-behaved. We had never seen, in any land among any people of any faith, so large an assembly, of such a promiscuous character, so well-behaved. There was no soldiery, and we saw no police; and we said, the Bulgarian people are entirely different from other peoples.
>
> At length the cavalcade appeared, forty horses in Indian file. As they entered among the people, each one took a child before him, and forty men and forty children passed on quickly to the church. Seeing that we were strangers the *ephoroi*, or chief men of the church, with true politeness, conducted us to a place where we could see the ceremony of reception of the pilgrims. Each one was blessed in turn, and soon all dispersed to their homes.
>
> The ephoroi, took us next to their school, which they had good reason to show with pride. They lamented the want of Bulgarian books; they had the Bulgarian testament edited by Dr. Riggs. I found that many peasants had purchased that Testament who knew not a letter of the alphabet; but they believed that, some time or other, their children would learn to read! Such faith always removes mountains.

The report of this discovery was immediately followed by the first American mission to the Bulgarians. At a later period when the missionaries had estab-

lished themselves and developed their activities amongst the people, with their schools and benevolent work, Dr. Hamlin writes:

> Since then the progress of this interesting people has been most hopeful. They attained what seemed so difficult, the exclusive management of their own schools, language, library and church government. They have their own bishops, and instead of the Greek Patriarch, they have as their civil and ecclesiastical head a Bulgarian bsiarch.

Such was the small and very recent beginning of the Bulgarian people, grown into a nation. What it has undergone and accomplished and how it has manifested itself within so short a period of time is contemporary history.

The end of the Great War has condemned the Bulgarian nation to undeserved disastrous conditions. Bulgaria was driven to the side it joined in the war because those who should have honestly considered its just claims failed to satisfy them. They proudly ignored them, as also her capabilities, with contempt—*to their ruin.*

P. M. MATTHÈEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

The Study Table

Lewis's Best Novel

This book,* which seems to me to be the best, by far, which Mr. Lewis has yet written, has its setting in the Middle West—which, like the Gulf Stream, is accountable for so much. Like "Main Street," "Babbitt" and the others, this last book deals with the plain, stolid Americans whose roots were in other countries, but whose branches flourish best here.

In the year 1896 Samuel Dodsworth, a good football player, graduated from Yale. A few years later he was assistant superintendent of Zenith's Locomotive Works, driving at a terrible rate—twelve miles an hour—a rakish looking car and at peace with the world, including himself. One knows at once that Dodsworth will always drive a good car and at top speed—whatever that speed may be; twelve miles an hour or seventy-five.

"If he did not dance with any particular neatness, a girl knew when she was with Sam Dodsworth" and the one girl who discovered this was Frances Voelker—Fran, for short. She was the daughter of old Herman Voelker, who had "brewed his way to millions." She was lovely, pale, cool and conveniently virtuous. Sam Dodsworth knew within an hour after meeting her that he wanted to marry her—and he married her as soon as he decently could. To him she remained always "a flame," the "purpose" of his life. Mr. Lewis carries out this theme consistently and courageously to the book's end. Sam, the big, blundering, lovable fellow, successful in all but the one aim of his life, follows his "flame"—that lures and scorches, but never lights or warms him. This despicable Fran was the purpose and inspiration to him though she led him a sad dance and in the end drives him from her.

Dodsworth marries Fran because she, as keen as her father, knows a good thing when she sees it. Sam builds a big florid house, buys the latest thing in cars as fast as they come out, has a son and daughter and then, when his daughter has married and the son is well launched in Yale he retires from business and discovers as do so many successful business men, that while he has enough to retire *on* he has nothing to retire *to*. But Fran has no doubts about the future. She is charmingly young looking, more beautiful than ever. In her girlhood she had spent a year abroad. Abroad she and Sam must go! Sam thinks this will be for a few months' trip—Fran knows better, but she discreetly keeps this to herself. She plays her poor man through all the countries of the old world. Homesick, and often lonely and desperate, Sam flounders after Fran.

The wit, wisdom and cleverness of the book make delectable reading. The temptation is to quote from the story and let it speak for itself, but on the other hand, the best a brief review can do is to urge people to read the book.

Of course, Sam is vulgar and he condones in his wife, deplorable faults that one feels sure he condones from selfish motives: not tolerant, humane ones. Where she is concerned he is as weak as diluted milk and yet he is a man of courage, of a crude but stern morality; a tender, good father; a faithful friend and an inarticulate worshipper of all the precious things the old world has to offer. He is the victim of one absorbing passion for one woman and that woman is utterly unworthy. Dodsworth learns to know this—but lives on and is ready to return to her whenever she beckons. Even when he deliberately leaves her and goes to another and an unworthy woman, the reader feels that forever Sam Dodsworth's love and yearning are for Fran, the worthless but beautiful "flame" and "purpose."

Fran had a "fine art of deflating" Sam. He, the big and successful business man, could be made to feel like a lout by this woman with a "smile as glittering and flat as white enamel paint." Patiently, doggedly he follows Fran's radiant pilgrimages in England, France and Italy. "By God, I'll enjoy life if it kills me—and it probably will!" the poor fellow vows and follows on.

Fran's ideas of travel are extremely diverting. As a sailor has a sweetheart in every country, so Fran has a disgraceful intrigue in every country. Sam observes them: knows all about them, rescues her from them, and still hopes on—adoring her. Of course to most women this will seem the weak part of the book "how could he?" they will say. What men will think it is difficult to tell. To me the weakness lies not in the *fact,* but in the lack of charm in the character of Fran. She seems so cheap and vulgar—such a gilded Tartar—not even the lure of a Becky Sharp—that it is hard to sympathize with Sam's passion for her. He was afraid of her always, but above everything he was afraid of losing her. Not her love—he had never had that; not her body—that she had always chastely refused him except to a limited extent. She had no appeal, really, except a cool beauty and a natural grace.

Driven by despair at last, Dodsworth leaves Fran in the arms of her latest lover—a German rascal, and returns to Paris. There he tries to be bad. This seems

*"Dodsworth," by Sinclair Lewis. Published by Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

to me to be one of the fine parts of the book. Try as he does, Sam cannot succeed in being a sinner. There is something intrinsically fine and noble in him. The very coldness and detachment of Fran makes the human traits of other, and better women, seem coarse.

Late in the book comes Edith Cortright, the widow of an English officer. Mrs. Cortright, an American by birth—has "a finish about her" and Dodsworth finds in her a sympathetic friend. Mr. Lewis, perhaps is more successful with his men than with his women. Somehow Fran and Edith do not ring true as women that would hold the love and arouse the passion of such a keen, really wise man, as Sam Dodsworth. True, the world of reality and fiction abound in pictures of unworthy women ruling the loves and lives of fine men—but neither Fran or Edith seem like women who might do this. Fran in her licentiousness is not at all subtle and Edith in her goodness is too ponderously unlikely. Sam was, it seems to me, too keen to be bamboozled by either of them, though he was just the kind to be caught by *some* women. All through this book there are perfect gems of expressions. It is when Sam Dodsworth shakes himself free of women, or is shaken free *by* them—that he looms high and clear as a splendid American character in the making. He was charming when, going alone, he visits Notre Dame and looks at the Rose Window. Poor, lonely, blundering lover! He stands and stares and then sees "what the window means." He "saw life as something greater and more exciting than food and a little sleep." He felt that "he could adventure into this past and possibly into the far more elusive present," and gropingly he struggles on always being dragged back and down by weak and unworthy women who do not even satisfy his homely but decent passions.

In spite of Edith Cortright's heavy unreality one feels a bit sorry for her when at last, having annexed Dodsworth, she faces the fact that he is still looking back to Fran and the book leaves one convinced that if Fran takes it into her head to whistle to her faithful dog he will go loping back.

They were dining in the Ritz—Sam and Edith: they were living together in Paris until his divorce should be completed and they could return to America. "After his second cognac the orchestra played from Viennese operettas and" Dodsworth "remembered—Fran. Through the darkness, beyond the music, he saw her fleeing, a desolate wraith, and his heart was heavy with pity."

As one reads, the heart is heavy for Dodsworth. As long as Fran has money, youth and beauty enough to attract any man—Sam need not greatly fear that she will be desolate, and as he moons, Edith watches him and presently says lightly:

"You enjoy being sad about her. What a job it is to give up the superiority of being miserable and self sacrificing."

And then, for a moment, Sam is youthful as he had never been in his solemn youth, he forgot Fran for the once and did not yearn over her for "almost two days." "Oh! he was lonely, this big, friendly man." This Mr. Lewis has convincingly portrayed and in spite of his coarseness he is lovable and the reader can see why.

The descriptions of foreign countries, seen through Dodsworth's American eyes, are delightful and not stale either, for all that hundreds of others have done the same thing in books and essays. Dodsworth's estimate of men is as keen as his estimate of motors, but he falls down utterly when it comes to women and, this with true humility. I feel Mr. Lewis does also. Sam Dodsworth is too well drawn to react to Fran and Edith as he does. He would see through them, at least see through one of them and neither seems the type to lure and hold any man.

Oddly enough—and Mr. Lewis passes this over with indifferent touch—the one woman, rather a bedraggled prostitute with whom Dodsworth has a brief contact, stands alone as a human, womanly creature who unselfishly loves him, serves him and lets go of him with something approaching dignity and understanding.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

"What Is the Mind?"*

For some two thousand years, logicians have puzzled over the race between Achilles and the hare. Achilles, it is posited, can run twice as fast as the animal. Accordingly the latter is allowed to start the race at the half way mark. Now, said the propounder of this ancient problem, when Achilles has reached the half way mark the hare, travelling half as fast as his rival, is at the three quarters. And when Achilles reaches this point the hare is again half as far ahead. And so the race goes, with the god never being able to overtake his slower opponent.

Logically that solution is perfect, but somehow it does not seem to fit the facts of life. And to most laymen the philosophical search for the ultimate reality and relationship of mind and matter is much the same. The answers of Descartes, Spinoza and the rest are interesting as exercises in logic, but they appear to have little in common with our everyday experience.

Professor Patrick, in his book "What Is the Mind?" gives us a more satisfactory solution. Avoiding the traditional mystical approach, he begins "with no presupposition of any dualism or parallelism" between mind and body, but with a scientific study of mental processes, "assuming nothing but the presence of living bodies behaving as we observe living bodies to behave."

He develops his argument in the same scientific way, sticking to observable facts and steering clear of the tempting realms of metaphysics and epiphenomena. His conclusions, as closely as they may be summarized here, are that mental activity is as essential a part of human life as physical activity is, and that the mind is as real a part of man as is his body.

Nor does he bother much about the "source" of the mind. Water is thirst-quenching and freezes at 32 degrees Fahrenheit. But neither hydrogen nor oxygen, which combine to make water, possesses these qualities. They are, says Patrick, *new* properties, belonging to the *new* substance, but not to the elements that make it up. And in the same way mind is a new property of the human being, without being necessarily traceable to any cell or group of cells that makes up the body.

All in all, "What Is the Mind?" is a sincere study that will be welcome to any one interested in the trend of modern thought. To this reviewer, at least, it opened up a way out of the maze where he had been led—and left—by his college philosophy courses.

R. B. ROBERTSON.

*"What Is the Mind?" by George Thomas White Patrick. Macmillan. $2.50.

Trumpets on New Horizons

A Monthly Column of Poetry

Mooney and Billings

(To the Governor of California)
They trail their lives with wounded wing
Who serve no boss or money-king.

They nail their bodies to a cross
And bear the elemental loss

Of wind and sun, of child and home,
Of flowers breaking through the loam.

You who must know they did no wrong,
These men who suffer all too long,

Must their stooped, lonely bodies crawl
To death within a prison wall?

Remember it is not too late
To save the honor of your state!

Come lift the torch of justice high,
Set these men free before they die.

DOUGLAS FIELDING.

Psalm . . . I Will

I will be lifted in thought . . . lift my eyes to Him as the flower lifts upward ever.

I will rise in my heart as the song, as the wing of the red-bird rises at dawn.

On the shores of my sorrow, on the shores of men's sin I will ceaselessly hurl the waves of my Love, the waves of my Truth . . . and though my song raises a storm . . . soon will come peace.

With the Day of the present I will wrap and engulf the dark of the past

Yet before it is done let my song as the cricket's arise in the gloom of the dusk or the dawn

And even as I welcome the cricket and his song to my hearth, to my heart

So I pray You welcome my song and my heart
Oh my God . . . in this gloom . . . in this dusk.

F. A. DEWSON.

Nor'easter

Come, rain! Blow, Boreas! Monster wings
Shall fan the width of night, shall brawl
Down skyey tracks with shudderings
Full of the ruin of the fall.
Scattering ruin where you go,
Blow, wind, blow!

Arrogance rears a piercing tower
(Blow, wind, blow!).
Riches, battening on their power,
Seize in undefended hour
All that labor can bestow.
Art and labor, born of woe,
Watch their allied storm-clouds grow.
Rend the rich, despoil, devour!
Blow, wind, blow!

Wings, beat down upon the foe!
Crumple cardboard huts of men!
Return the earth to the earth again
And blow, wind, blow!

BENJAMIN MUSSER.

Seen From a Bus Window

I watch the people on the streets
Where the swollen traffic beats
Pathways like a hasty stream
In a dark, bewildered dream.

I can read in many a glance
The empty game, the tricks of chance,
And I can feel the weight that lies
On frail shoulders of the wise.

But, oh, to sense the hill-top urge
In swift, dynamic lives that merge,
To fathom rich and buoyant truth
In the reindeer step of youth!

Oh, to be gloriously aware
Of lives that surge and lives that dare!

ELENORE BLAKE.

Correspondence

Young Men and the Church

Editor of UNITY:

Why do you continually accuse the church for the absence of many young men? Is not the fault with the homes and particularly with the young men themselves?

A young man came into the reading room of the North Adams public library on an afternoon, took from the paper rack a Boston daily and read the sport section; through with that he got the New York Times and canvassed thoroughly the sport news; after that he took another Boston paper and confined his reading again to the sport news; then departed. I never saw him in any of the churches of that city, and I have spoken in about all but the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. The surname of his like is Legion. Is it to the discredit of the church that such are not interested?

Going on a recent Sunday by trolley from Springfield to Westfield, by arrangement at Universalist headquarters, Boston, to supply the pulpit of the Second Congregational church, a young man sat before me who occupied more than twenty minutes with the inartistic comic section of the Sunday paper. I did not expect him, when he got off at Westfield, to attend the Second Congregational church. Had he been one of the six young men who came forward in the service to take the offerings of the people it would have been to his credit. Had he been present in a pew he might have benefited by the whole spirit of the service and what it signified to the large congregation of people who were there.

The churches are cultural institutions in our communities, and are in certain ways indexes to the cultural interests of the people, regardless of age or sex. It is true, there is a kind of preaching which may not appeal to the young and others not young. But it is exceptional now. Since the pulpits generally are voicing what is fine and sane and wholesome and practical, it may be safely affirmed that the reason for the neglect of any to attend church is outside of the church itself.

CHARLES CHAMBERS CONNER.

E. Northfield, Mass.

[*Note:* This is a sound statement and therefore just criticism. But it is perhaps important to point out that the young men of whom we wrote were college students, and therefore of a somewhat different cultural and social class from those of whom Mr. Conner speaks.—EDITOR.]

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A RESOLUTION

[Sent to President Hoover by the Peace Patriots]

Whereas Memorial Day commemorates the heroism of soldiers who have given their lives in past conflicts, their sacrifice not being in vain if future wars are thereby prevented, and

Whereas civilization has progressed during the past century to such a point that law can be substituted for war as a method of settling every international dispute, and

Whereas the principal nations of the world have renounced war as an instrument of national policy,

We, descendants of early American Patriots, hereby express our opposition to all future wars and request you to call upon loyal citizens to re-enforce their Government in maintaining the General Pact for the Renunciation of War, which carries the obligation to settle all international disputes by pacific means.

ANNIE BESANT IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

Dr. Besant has left Madras for Bombay, where she is to address a public meeting under the auspices of the local Congress Committee on the 19th. She sails for England on the 20th by the P. and O. boat s. s. *Rawalpindi.* She has described the objects of her visit in the following interview given to the Associated Press, which has appeared in all the daily papers:

"I am going to England to give the usual course of lectures in the Queen's Hall for the Theosophical Society and then I shall carry on a vigorous political propaganda there in favor of Dominion Status for India," said Dr. Annie Besant to a representative of the Associated Press when the latter interviewed her at Adyar. She added: "Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar is coming over in June and we shall have a meeting in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester at which he and some other Indians and members of the English Labor party will speak in favor of Indian Home Rule. I shall do my best to see that in the general election India is made an election question by the Labor Party, and that they are pledged to set India free. That will be my chief work while I am away. From England I shall be going to America for the World Congress of the Theosophical Society, which meets in Chicago in August. From there I will pay a short visit to Ojai in California, where I am engaged in founding a colony which we call the Happy Valley. I have there many heads of departments who take up work on certain lines of industry, as far as possible keeping away from any animal killing. It will be an industrial colony striving to make things beautiful. I have secured very good men and women to be at the head of the various sections, and I hope it will be possible to be back again in India by October in time to be able to take part in the election campaign."

—*New India.*

TWO LETTERS

I

Dr. Sydney Strong,
New York City, U. S. A.
My dear Doctor:

We have had a letter from Hollingsworth Wood asking for particulars of Takeo Iwahashi. This reminds me of your interest in this remarkable man, so I think you will like to see a copy of the last letter (below) which I received from him. I don't know whether you know that his visit to Edinburgh University was immensely successful. He graduated in philosophy in two years—a feat previously unknown, I think, and is now professor of philosophy at Osaka. For three or four months after he graduated he stayed in London, making a careful study of our methods of treatment of the blind. He has now taken up organizing work for the blind not only in Japan but in China—a colossal task—but he sets about it in such a practical and methodical way that I am sure he will have great success.

JOHN P. FLETCHER.

Friends House, London, N. W. 1.

II

Many thanks for your last long letter. It brought me great comfort that you and other friends had been thinking a great deal, since I left your coun-

Unity Endowment Fund

The last report of the Endowment Fund (May 13) gave a total of.....$51,800.00

Later gifts:

Mrs. Grace Anthony MacMichael, Englewood, Florida	5.00
Mrs. L. B. Cox, Chicago	5.00
Mrs. Emily Howland, Sherwood, N. Y.	25.00
Miss Isabel Howland, Aurora, N. Y.	25.00
Miss Frances S. Howe, Leominster, N. Y.	2.00
Francis J. Bold, Whittier, Cal.	10.00
Dr. Leon N. Adler, New York City	100.00
Mrs. R. H. Menken, London, England	25.00
	$51,997.00

The correspondence continues to bring words of cheer. One letter has a suggestion for those who are privileged to make wills:

In my will I have left a thousand dollars or more to UNITY. I regret that I am not able to give it toward the endowment fund during my life tenure; but, as I am no longer able to work and have only a very limited income, that seems to be the best I can do.

I sincerely hope that you may have better success from other sources.

A letter which should have been included in our last report reads:

In reply to Mrs. Levinson's letter of April 22, I write to say that I shall be very glad to make an effort to contribute something towards the $100,000 endowment found you are now raising for UNITY.

Unfortunately, I am not in a position to commit myself definitely now, but if you will write me next fall, I shall be glad to make an effort to send you $25.00 or $50.00.

A contributor writes:

In reply to your splendid letter of the 22nd signed by Ruth L. Levinson I enclose what I can. I regret that I cannot contribute more. For years I have valued your paper more than any I have received, and I read much. My issues do good as they are passed on and on—at present going to the Philippine Islands. I have always regretted that I have not been able to get new subscribers for UNITY but perhaps you may realize how some of us are cast among less interested ones. All this that you may know how heartily I appreciate your existence and what great good you are doing.

Responses from those unable now to contribute:

I cannot at present subscribe to this fund, neither can I let your letter go unanswered for I greatly admire Mr. Holmes and I deeply appreciate, and it is my utmost wish to uphold, the spirit of UNITY and most certainly want its "honest and decisive voice" to continue. I want you to know that just because I am unable to send in a check I am at least not indifferent and most eagerly hope that those who can will give generously. You have all my good wishes for success.

It is cheering to note that the names of a number of the recent givers are to be found also on the list of contributors to the original Endowment Fund raised by Mr. Jones and his helpers years ago. One of these writes:

It is distressing that I can make no contribution to the support of our inspiring UNITY. Being a dependent invalid and just freed from hospital and nurses is a sort of explanation of my futility.

We hope this report will remind our readers that they have neglected to make out the check which of course they mean to send.

HELEN SWIFT NEILSON, Treasurer.

try, of ourselves and of my work for the blind both in Japan and in China. Now I must reply a little about my work for them. For the blind in China I am going to publish "Pilgrim's Progress" in Mandarin Braille which will be issued by the end of February next year. For this work the Bible Society and Religious Tract Society, both in London, helped me greatly with money grants. It is my intention, if possible, to continue the publication in Chinese Braille, in this way, one after another, and also to publish a quarterly magazine which will spread the Gospel teaching amongst the Chinese blind.

For the blind in Japan I have been pondering over the question because the movement must be done by the systematic method. It is a legislative question, on one side, and on the other side it is a question of social propaganda and work. In order to fulfill the former we must get the help of some political party, and to fulfill the latter we must have active workers who have much interest and sympathies towards the blind questions. Therefore it must be rather difficult and hard work for me to initiate. However, I am very glad to say that Mr. Toyohiko Kagawa has promised me to be my colleague for this big ambition. Through him I am going to appeal to the parliament on the one hand and to create vivid interest and warm sympathy for the blind in the general public, on the other hand. I have already written a paper, entitled "The Blind, from the Viewpoint of the Social Problem," which is going to appear both in Braille and Inkprint. The next article on the same question is the one which I worked on while I was in London—the one entitled "The History of the Blind of the World." Thus the work for the blind is progressing with steadiness: in a word, our aim can be reduced to the following two points:

1. To secure "The Blind Persons Act."
2. To establish "The National Institute for the Blind."

Accordingly, if you understand what Mr. Kagawa and I are going to do, please keep our work in your prayer, and, if you could, please make some arrangement to help us financially in the name of the International Service. I shall emphasize this point again that really this kind of work for the blind is needed urgently in Japan, as well as in China.

With best regards and friendly love to you and to Mrs. Fletcher and to other friends. God be always with you! I am,

Yours very sincerely,
TAKEO IWAHASHI.

Osaka, Japan.

BOUND VOLUMES OF UNITY AVAILABLE

To be disposed of at a nominal price are the following bound volumes of UNITY, reported to be in excellent condition:

Vol. 45 March 1900 through September 1900.

Vol. 49 March 1902 through August 1902.

Vol. 50 September 1902 through February 1903.

Vol. 51 March 1903 through August 1903.

Vol. 52 September 1903 through February 1904.

Vol. 53 March 1904 through August 1904.

Vols. 53 and 54 September 1904 through February 1905.

Unbound Vols. 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77.

For further information apply to Rev. Theo. F. Joseph, 2471 Morris Ave., New York, N. Y.

DARROW AT WHITMAN DINNER

The Walt Whitman Fellowship of Chicago will hold its twenty-fourth annual dinner in honor of the poet's birth on Friday evening, May 31st, at 6:45 P. M., the Hotel Sherman. The Fellowship was organized in 1906 at the home of Frank J. Loesch, with Dr. Morris Lychenheim, this year's president, among the founders.

Mr. Herbert Friedman, chairman, announces the following speakers:

Paul Douglas, University of Chicago, Toastmaster.

Percy Boynton, University of Chicago.

Rabbi Solomon B. Freehof, K. A. M. Temple.

Meyer Levin, Chicago Daily News.

Sterling North, Poet.

Eunice Tietjens, Poet.

Clarence Darrow.

Music will be provided by John Greene, baritone, accompanied by Marion Lychenheim.

The dinner is $2.50 per person; and admission after the dinner is seventy-five cents. Reservations should be sent to W. L. Maclaskey, secretary, Room 1410, 155 N. Clark Street, by Tuesday, May 28th. Checks should be made payable to Frances R. Paine, treasurer.

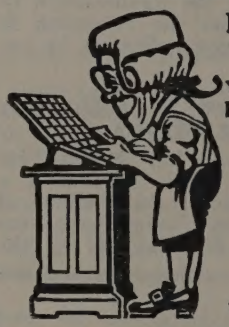
The executive committee consists of Dr. Morris Lychenheim, president; Herbert Friedman, chairman; W. L. Maclaskey, secretary; Frances R. Paine, treasurer; William Holly and Mason Warner.

For further information phone Herbert Friedman, Randolph 4320.

Chateau de Bures
PAR VILLENNES, SEINE ET OISE, FRANCE
A Country Boarding School to Prepare Boys for American Colleges
30 acres, own farm. New dormitories with outdoor sleeping porches. 17 miles from Paris
Modern and Progressive Methods
American and Foreign Masters
For information address the Secretary
CHATEAU DE BURES,
Par Villennes, Seine et Oise, France

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

PATENTS
Protect Your Idea!
Write Freely, sending Data of your Invention, for full advice.
Write for "Proof of Invention" folder mailed free.
TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED
We give genuine personal service.
Established—Experienced Twenty-nine Years
E. E. VROOMAN & CO.
165 Atlas Building
Washington, D. C.
Mention UNITY When Writing


It's a "Case" of Necessity
Your Printing will be above criticism if done by
THE OAKLAND PRESS
3913 Cottage Grove
Tel. Atlantic 1876

MAY
Is the month for the year's greatest cleaning. The home's cold weather drapes and rugs, blankets and comforters, heavy motor robes, should all be cleansed before putting them away. Summer cretonnes and slip covers should be made ready for service. Send work here in confidence of its being done by the latest equipment and methods.
Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers
PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue